Buy My Love by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Steve sees Jonathan on the corner.

Buy My Love

Author's Note:

> Eh I Wish this was so much better than it is.
> xx
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Steve's joyriding. He's drunk on his dad's good scotch and he hopes the beating he's bound to get is worth it. He's smoked half a pack of Marlboros already and he's edging into the shitty part of town.

He starts passing the junkies on the corners and the hookers. Steve's never seen the appeal. How pathetic would it be to pay for sex? Steve could have sex with anyone he wanted. Has had sex with anyone he's wanted. Multiple times.

He's just staring. The girls wearing too much makeup and too little clothing. There's a few boys too. And there is- Steve stomps on the break. Right in the middle of the fucking road. Pulls over. Rolls down his window.

"Byers?" He asks.

Jonathan is standing there, hair gelled, wearing a mesh shirt and black skinny jeans that look painted on. His eyes widen in horror,

"Steve? What the fuck?"

"What the fuck me? What the fuck you? What the fuck are you doing out here?" He hisses.

Jonathan crosses his arms over his chest,

"Please fuck off."

"Fuck off? You're a-" he shakes his head, "I'm so fucking confused."

Jonathan taps his fingers on his thigh,

"Look, make fun of me tomorrow, or whatever the fuck. But get out

of here. I need-“ He trails off and Steve stares.

“Money? You need money this bad? Fuck, Byers-“

“Just go!”

Steve puts the car in park,

“How much?”

Jonathan’s head whips up,

“What?”

“You heard me. How much?”

Jonathan hesitates and Steve watches a car pass by. Finally he sighs,

“$80 for a blowie, $150 for everything.”

“Man you can definitely charge more. You’ve got that whole, I dunno, troubled twink thing going on,” he slurs, waving at Jonathan.

“Are you drunk?” He asks.

“How much for the night?” Steve asks instead, “and charge me something reasonable. I swear to god if you say $500 I’m gonna smack you.”

“That’s not reasonable?” Jonathan asks quietly.

“A thousand,” Steve says, “I’ve decided for you.”

“You’re paying me, a thousand dollars? Why?”

“To get you off the street. Come on,” Steve throws open the door and Jonathan looks around,

“Do you even have money?”

“Fuck you I have money,” he pulls out a fat wallet and Jonathan slides into the car.

Steve counts out 10 $100 bills. Jonathan stares. Even when Steve sets the money in his lap. He stares. Steve knows what this means for the Byers. He does. He doesn't know what to say. Finally Jonathan pockets the money and Steve realizes he's gonna need another drink.

There's a fancy hotel about half way back into town and Steve drives there silently. He's not going to sleep with Jonathan. He just didn't want him selling his body. He's being a concerned citizen. Jonathan didn't need to do this. He's not even sure. He knew hookers were a thing, but they were like, drug addicts and shit. Not in Steve's math class.

Steve knew the Byers' had it tough. But this was… a new low.

"Do you get a lot of business?" Steve asks.

Jonathan's fists clench,

"I don't want your money if you're going to make fun of me."

"I'm not, I'm not. Genuinely curious."

Jonathan shrugs,
"More than the movie theater. I do okay."

"Selling your body is not okay!" Steve snaps.

"What do you care?" Jonathan asks as they pull into the parking lot of the hotel.

Steve opens his mouth then snaps it shut. They walk in. Jonathan lingers as Steve gets a room. They ride the elevator in silence. Steve unlocks the door to the room. Heads straight to the mini bar and downs three bottles of Jack. When he turns around Jonathan is staring at him.

"Have one," he says, gesturing to the mini bar.

Jonathan hesitates. Steve figures he doesn't drink, with his dad and everything, but like, there's a reason now. Jonathan seems to come to the same realization and he grabs a bottle of Malibu. Steve makes no comment and once he feels a bit drunker than he already is, he sits

on the bed. Jonathan finishes his third bottle and then forces himself off the counter where he'd been leaning and gets on his knees in front of Steve. Braces his hands on Steve's thighs.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Steve asks.

"Sucking your dick. Giving you what you came for."

Steve shakes his head,

"I didn't, I didn't come for that."

"Then what were you doing over here? In this part of town? And why did you pay me a thousand fucking dollars? Pay for this hotel room? Don't coddle me Harrington. I've done this before."

Steve stares at him. He shouldn't. He should fucking not. He's not even- okay. He is. He's had one sloppy blowjob from a guy in a bathroom at a concert. And it was fucking amazing.

"Then get on the bed," he says throatily, before he can change his mind.

Jonathan stands up, then strips, without being prompted. He's pale, but lithe, and he kicks his jeans off. He's not wearing any underwear. He's not hung or anything, but maybe a bit longer than average. He gets on the bed on all fours.

His ass is nice, and there's a cluster of freckles on the dimple of his back. Steve tugs off his shirt. Unbuckles his belt and shoves his bottoms down and kicks them off. Positions himself on the bed behind Jonathan.

"I don't, turn around."

Jonathan hesitates,

"It's easier this way."

"I don't want it like that. Turn over please."

Jonathan does. It's more awkward than Steve realizes. Because he's

never done this before. And they're not gonna kiss. So Steve spits on his fingers and Jonathan spreads his legs,

"I'm already prepped," he says quietly.

Steve still slides a finger in him to check. He's wet and warm and he slides in another one to listen to Jonathan's breath hitch. Then he spits on his dick, he doesn't even know when he got hard and he slowly starts to breach Jonathan. It's tight as fuck and hot as hell and Jonathan's nails dig into his shoulders. It takes Steve a couple minutes to work himself in. Mostly because he's gonna come like immediately.

It's quiet. Jonathan lets out little gasps of course, but nothing really. Steve fucks slowly because it's so intense, everything is so intense and Jonathan is hard against his stomach and Steve doesn't even think twice about wrapping his hand around his dick. Jonathan moans at that and Steve wants to ask if it's real, because Jonathan's eyes are closed, but he decides it's better unknown. He can give Jonathan this pleasure right now and honestly, that's it. On Monday they'll be back to hating each other.

So he fucks into him slowly, strokes his cock and absolutely does not kiss him. Holds his orgasm off by the will of God so he can watch Jonathan's eyes roll back as he comes all over his stomach, ass clamping around Steve like a vice. Steve comes with a shout and all but collapses onto Jonathan. Jonathan holds his head through his tremors even though it takes Steve awhile to come down.

He eventually slides out of Jonathan and rolls over next to him. Catches his breath. Jonathan is laying there. Not saying anything. It's awkward. Eventually Jonathan moves to get up and Steve throws his arm around his waist,

"No, stay. You wanna get some room service?"

Jonathan looks over at him, hesitates,

"Actually, yeah. That would be good. And more liquor. That would be good."

“Why? Need to be drunk to look at my adorable face?” Steve asks. It’s a bit too close to home.

“No, I need to be drunk to look at your naked body.”

Steve laughs and whacks Jonathan with a pillow,

“You’re gonna pay for that.”

Jonathan laughs,

“I’m sure I am. Now order me some food. You wore me out.”

Steve tries not to smile,

“I did?”

Jonathan smiles at him,

“You did.”